

How Swift the Torrent Rolls  
Philip Doddridge(1702-1751)  
William Monk, 1875.

How swift the torrent rolls  
That bears to us to the sea,  
The tide that hurries thoughtless souls  
To vast eternity.

Our fathers, where are they,  
With all they called their own?  
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,  
And wealth and honor gone.

But joy or grief succeeds  
Beyond our mortal thought;  
While the poor remnant of their dust  
Lies in the grave forgot.

There where the fathers lie,  
Must all the children dwell;  
Nor other heritage possess,  
But such a gloomy cell.

God of our fathers, hear,  
Thou everlasting Friend!  
While we, as on life's utmost verge,  
Our souls to Thee commend.

Of all the pious dead  
May we the footsteps trace,  
Till with them, in the land of light,  
We dwell before Thy face.